

HOT DOG

THE REGULAR FELLOWS MONTHLY

VOL I No. 4

DECEMBER 1921

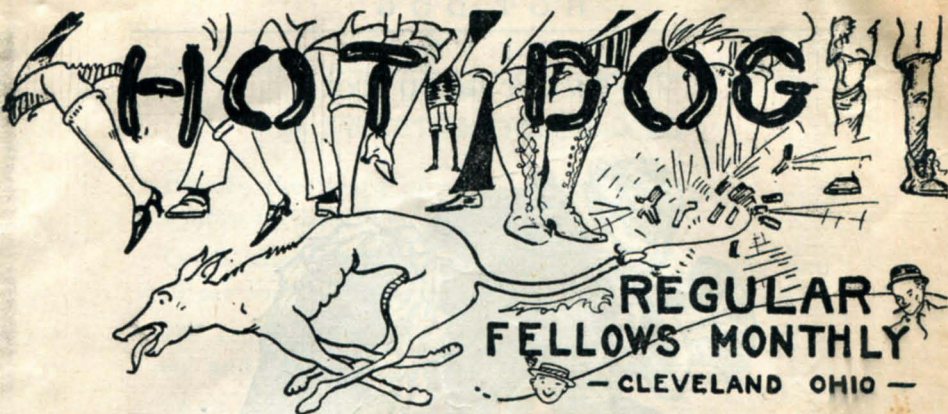
PRICE:

TWO BITS



I like my Women
weak and my
Liquor strong

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JACK DINSMORE, *Editor*

Published by
THE MERIT PUBLISHING COMPANY
1005 Ulmer Building, Cleveland, Ohio
25c per copy

TO REGULAR FELLOWS

With all my whiskers, I'm just like a girl in love. I like to get letters.

I get them too, boosts, knocks, mash-notes, black-hand missives 'n everything.

Send 'em in boys. This is your magazine. I'm running it for you and I want to know what you like and what you don't like.

It sometimes gets to be a pretty morose job fighting the bluenoses with this holy book, and the letters are helpful.

JACK DINSMORE.

A SWEET GOOD BYE



Down on Central Avenue Cleveland, the Shines' Great White Way of the Middle West, there is a high-brow lawyer named Cholomondley Washington who has knocked off a washtub of scads defending the change-your-luck gold diggers in court.

He used to be a preacher down in Louisiana before he came up here and one of his black lady friends told me the other day how he left the preaching business.

Cholomondley used to scandalize the congregation something awful by his secular goings-on with the more delicious married wenches who attended the church.

A SWEET GOODBYE—Cont.

Finally the board of trustees gave him the kick-off. No more salvationizing for Cholomondley.

On a bright Sunday morning he preached his farewell sermon. It sure was an eloquent line of froth.

He told the congregation just what he thought of them and he used no retard on the mud slinger.

"And finally, bretheren and sisteren," Cholomondley preorated, "as Ah walk down the aisle of this yah church fo' de last time today, yo' all will notice a sprig of mistletoe on mah coat-tails."

TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH

Out here in Cleveland the Baptists are uniting with the Socialists.

The North Shore Baptist Church of Cleveland holds "Open Forum" every Thursday night, where a slew of washed-out Willies discuss such dumpology as "Sweetness and Light" and "The Rights of the Proletariat."

One subject they never discuss is the right of the proletariat (art-alley for hired hand) to his bucket of beer.

Last Thursday night I snuk in and found them holding a symposium on the question "What is the most beautiful thing about a woman?"

One goofus said her eyes. Another her lips. Another her hair. Another her soul.

A nervous Baptist arose and said, "I make a motion we adjourn before someone tells the truth!"

THE PURITAN IN THE OPEN



International News Service Dispatch

NEW YORK, Oct. 21.—The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, pastor of Cavalry Baptist church, said today he would not reply to an invitation from New York dancing masters to attend

a meeting and be convinced that his ideas of dancing are all wrong.

"Dancing is fundamentally wrong. It can't be anything else when it necessitates hugging by both sexes," he said.

* * *

Fellows, here is the Puritan for you with his pants down.

Here is the life-hating pulpit-pounder, naked and unshamed with his shirt-tail flying in the wind.

Here is the kind of bounder that put Prohibition over on good-natured America and populated the country with rum-spies, raisin jack and home-brew coffins.

I predicted they wouldn't stop with Prohibition. I know the psychology of such oily gloom-peddlers as the Rev. Roach, above quoted.

Don't you ever think they hate liquor because liquor interferes with the efficiency of the human race. They hate liquor because liquor gives joy.

Don't you ever think they hate kissing because kissing is unsanitary. They hate kissing because kissing is delightful.

Let me tell you, the mind which is afflicted with the Hatred of Joy For Its Own Sake is a very common type of mind. It flourishes by the millions in such hastily-built lands as ours, just emerging from the backwoods.

It has its root in unsociability.

Such bugs as the Rev. Roach who gets blue in the face when he spies a healthy young couple hugging each other, as Nature intended them to, such insects don't flourish in

mellow old cities like London and Paris and Vienna.

These cadaverous cacklers must be scotched.

They are blackening the face of this land with the spume of their hatred of life.

We who are young in spirit, we who are gay in our zest with the world, we millions who are normal, must declare Red Revolution against the Black Plague of Puritanism which is overcasting the sky of America.

J. D.

NO SCHOOL FOR CORNELIUS

Cornelius Kraut, the seven-year old son of Councilman August Kraut of Cleveland is the toughest little mutt in short pants.

That bimbo is so hard his feet stink.

His dad has been trying to make him start school for two years but he won't go. He spends the livelong days smoking Humps and throwing rocks at the cops.

I was playing poker at Kraut's the other day and I heard the old man say to the kid:

"Now lookyhere Cornelius," you've just got to start school after Christmas. There's no two ways about it. You're a big boy already and should be in the third grade. Tell me yes, angel child, and I'll buy you a real shotgun when Christmas comes around."

"Aw, what the hell's the use of me going to school?" spit out the shaver, "I can't write and I can't read and I can't sing, and I wouldn't be no use there anyway!"

WHUZZAT!

A Krazypome by Callimachus Balzoff
The Hot Dog Genius

It was midnight on the Ocean,
Not a Street Car was in sight;
The sun was shining brightly
And it rained all day that night.
T'was a summer night in winter
And the rain went howling, squealing,
A barefoot boy with shoes on
Stood sitting on the ceiling.

It was evening and the rising Sun
Was setting in the North
And the little fishes in the trees
Were gaily flying forth
The rain was pouring down
The Moon was shining bright
And everything that you could see
Was hidden out of sight.

While the organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir;
While the sexton wrang the dish rag,
Some one set the church on fire.
"Holy Smoke," the preacher shouted,
In the rain he lost his hair;
Now his head resembles Heaven,
For there is no parting there.

When the worm turns the woman is unsatisfied.

A PICTURE NO ARTIST COULD PAINT



Tony Zebatski, the Hot Dog artist, whose masterpieces you see plastered throughout this magazine, is always broke.

We've raised that bird's salary twice since we started and, in spite of that, he can't even square up with his landlady.

Last Saturday morning, the aforesaid landlady woke Tony up while he was peacefully pounding his ear at 11 A. M. and said,

"Tony, this is the last time. Either you pay your room

rent right here and now, or out your carcass goes on the pavement!"

But Tony isn't as big a rummy as he looks. He figured quick. "All women are vain," thought he to himself. He chucked the landlady under the chin.

"Tell you what I'll do, Mrs. Cowhinder," he said, "you're such a big and beautiful doll. I'll paint your portrait and we'll call it square."

The long and short of it is that the fat rent-hound consented, took off all her rummage-sale drapery and posed herself as "Venus Rising from the Sea" while Tony prepared his paint and brushes.

Tony looked at the Swift & Co. layout unfolded before his optics, grumped and said,

"Don't worry Mrs. Cowhinder, I'll do you justice."

"Look here, you ham artist," she replied. "it ain't justice I wan't, it's mercy."

TOPHEAVY TOPSIES

(A Triolet by Little Ignatz)

I don't like intellectual dames,
Give me the flapper with a dimple;
Fie on the Mumbo-jumbo Maymes,
I don't like intellectual dames.
When I recall my string of flames,
They all were young and sweet and simple—
I don't like intellectual dames.

EXAMPLE OF THE FAMOUS ENGLISH
ANECDOTE



A Bloomsbury navvy tells of a rather quizzical experience he and some companions had:

"Meself and me comrade 'Erb were meanderin' down Cock Lane t'other day when we espied a building on fire.

"Castin' our eye to the top of the building 'oom do

'Erb and meself espy but our comrade Bill on the top floor in great danger of being burned to death.

" 'Jump Bill! jump!' cried we, 'we 'ave a blanket!'

"So Bill jumped—

"But we 'ad no bloomin' blanket!"

SCHMOCK ZOOLOGY

I'll never forget Abie Schmock when he first came out of New York City to the Middle West.

Schmock was a typical lower Manhattan product then. He had never been farther from Gotham than Hoboken in his life and he didn't know a potato-field from a pile of manure. He was what I call City Green.

Abe got off the train in Wickliffe, Ohio and one of the first things he saw was a horse running around a pasture.

"Vat's dat running around dere?" he asked a Rube standing near the railroad station.

"That there be one of my horses," replied the Rube.

"Don't kid me brudder," tittered Abe, "dat ain't no horse. Dere ain't no wagon on it."

"Darling, nestle close to my heart, but don't break my stogies."

If alcohol is the King of Spirits then Magnesia must be the queen of the Movies.



ANN FORREST, ATTRACTIVE PARAMOUNT BLONDE WHO IS NOW IN ENGLAND MAKING MOVIES WITH HISTORIC BRITISH SETTINGS

THE MOVIE RAMBLER

By Harry McMurray



Turn on the tears, Bozo, and let the bedbugs drown.

Charlie Chaplin is going in for sob stuff.

At the present writing, Little Chollie is in New York, just back from Europe. In Gotham, he announced to

the publicity hounds that he was through with comedies and is going in for High Art Drama.

I hope not.

Charlie is too clever a comedian, too subtle a slap-sticker, to ditch his trade.

Some of these days the crazy old human race to which most of us belong will begin to realize that laughter is just as deep an emotion as tears.

The real artist can evoke just as much of the milk of human feeling with a custard pie on the snoot as with a dagger in the groin.

Shakespeare knew this, Moliere knew it, Aristophanes knew it.

Charlie Chaplin knew it too until Greenwich Village copped him and told him he was A Artist.

Now this peewee Alexander is sighing for more worlds to conquer.

My spies tell me that the little comedian has been giving ear to a lot of long-haired mouzhiks who sling deep stuff for the highbrow weeklies, and they've turned his head.

Also, I am told, his vogue with the gushy girlies with the horn-rim specks has made him lay up a lot with assorted females.

I diagnose Chollie's threat of falling to seriousness as due to too much Sweet Sinning and too much Conceit.

I hope he don't take the downfall.

The best of the movies I've seen since visiting with

you last was The Three Musketeers with Douglas Fairbanks.

Movies taken from books where the spirit of the book is actually caught are as rare as virtuous chambermaids. But Doug has really caught the swashbuckle spirit of old Dumas.

This photoplay took me back to my boyhood days, when I used to paint a black moustache on my virgin upper lip where the warts are now and sneak up to the hayloft. There I would guzzle my kid delight with D'Artaganan and Monte Cristo and the Man in the Iron Mask.

Fairbanks and his co-players have caught this boyhood atmosphere tophole.

Plenty of stabbing and shooting; dozens of hairbreadth escapes and daredevil leaps. Color and romance galore.

The Three Musketeers was a welcome relief from the drab domestic dramas of the Norma Talmadge type. I liked it fine.

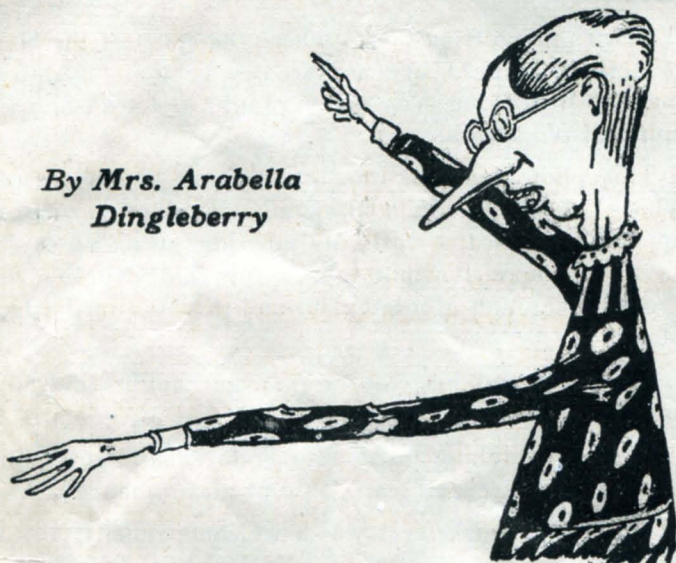
NURSERY LIMERICK

Little Johnnie killed his sister,
Which a brother should not do;
Cried his mother "Now you'll catch it,
For you've spoiled your father's hatchet."

Abe Schmock won't let his wife wear short skirts.
He says he don't want to exhibit the family skeleton.

Advice To The Lovelorn

*By Mrs. Arabella
Dingleberry*



Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I have warts on my knees.
What shall I do for them?....Fanny Fandango.

Wear your skirts longer.

* * *

Dirty Dolly: I hope you were taught a lesson. Always get your money in advance.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I came home for lunch unexpectedly yesterday and found the iceman in my wife's bed. What do you suppose he was doing there?

....Mike Muttface.

A hard-working iceman needs lots of sleep, you simp.

Mother-of-Twelve: Yes, they're still making 'em in Akron.

* * *

Frank Fuzzface: If she won't pay your board, she certainly doesn't love you.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Dingelberry: I love to go automobile-riding with men, but I love my virtue better. Would you advise me to accept a little invitation for a ride now and then?...Gertie Gush.

Yes, but always take along a bicycle. The way back may be long.

* * *

Mrs. Lockshenzup: Pink pajamas are not stylish but they are ambitious.

* * *

Cleo Cuddles: No dear, there is no water named after Plato. ,

* * *

Buddy Brasstacks: If you really mean it, you darling, meet me at the Hot Dog Office at midnight.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I have a fine face and figure and should like to break into the movies as a leading lady. Would you advise me to call on the director of a film studio some morning.?

No. Call on the boss of the studio some evening.

* * *

Beatrice Bohunk: I wouldn't!

TOPICAL TROPES

Being a series of limericks on current subjects

by Ignatz Levi O'Flaherty,

(Hot Dog Shipping Clerk and Poet)



THE PURITANS' HOLIDAY

Thanksgiving's a day that the nation
Observes with digestive elation;

On Thursday you glutton

On Turkey and mutton,

And Friday you have constipation.

SPOONING TIME

King Winter is here with his grouch,
The time when you sneeze and you slouch,
You can't take your women
Canoein' or swimmin'—
But much can be done on a couch.

MORE ABOUT UNEMPLOYMENT

The work that I have makes me flinch,
This shipping Hot Dogs is no cinch,
But doughboys and gobs
Cannot even get jobs,
So I make mine do in a pinch.

NAUGHTINESS ON THE NILE

Antony, having left the legions of Rome playing
Come Seven Come Leven in the desert, was calling on
Cleopatra in her perfumed pash-house on the Nile.

He came up the steps of her royal palace carrying a
great bouquet of roses in one hand and a bottle of "Marius
Fronto's Liquid Ambition, Guaranteed to Give Results"
in the other.

As Antony approached the private chamber, Cleo's
maid came out and said,

"Sorry, your imperial majesty, but my mistress can't
see you today. She's in bed with Tonsilitis."

"Tonsilitis, Tonsilitis!" ejaculated the conqueror of
Brutus. "what the hell's she doing with that Greek?"

BILLY SUNDAY**The Man Who Degraded Religion in America****An Editorial by Jack Dinsmore.**

..



Religion is a prime part of all our lives.
We are all religious ; even atheists have a creed.
It is very often given to the Pharisee, the Harlot, the

Drunkard and the Debauchee to feel the presence of God more keenly than the deacon in the vestry.

When I was a student in Dublin University I used to get my meals by scrubbing the bar rail in the lousiest kind of a "pub" in Merriam Square.

Now an Irish drunkard is the drunkest sot on this green earth. Yet I have seen a wart-nosed Mick, so pickled up in Irish joy-water that he didn't know his name, cross himself with tears in his eyes when he heard the Te Deum chanted from the nearby Cathedral.

I have seen pimps cast themselves at the foot of the cross.

I have seen prostitutes (oh, so many times) burst into tears before the shrine of the Immaculate Virgin.

Religion has nothing to do with conduct or with our politics.

The world is vulgar and distracted and hilarious. The thought of God is soft, and sweet, and shadowy. It is a refuge from the World, an escape from Reality.

Along comes this callious crum, this gutter-snipe guff-grinder, Billy Sunday, and degrades Religion to the level of the market place—for a consideration.

Now vulgarity has its place in life. Ribaldry must find an outlet in this ribald world. But they have no place in Religion, which is the relief from vulgarity.

If Religion is not delicate, it is worthless.

Billy Sunday, with his cockroach can-thumping has degraded Religion to anti-cigarette crusading, short-skirt decrying, beer-prohibiting and other such trivial concerns of the dwellers in the backwoods.

He has no more spirituality than a louse.

His Religion is only for the water-blooded and the sinless.

There is an old mediaeval chronicle which tells how a brigand robbed a friar on the highroad and then got his absolution from the same friar. Billy Sunday would never understand the moral of this story.

Billy Sunday is sacreligious, gross and—above all—mercenary.

He makes soft-headed rubes good, but never Godly.

The principal item of his faith is not the soul, but the contribution-box.

He owns blocks of real estate in the loop district in Chicago, which he amassed through his degrading business.

Christ cast the money-changers from the Temple and preached a faith which is a sanctuary from money-changing.

Billy Sunday is the chief of the money-changers.

The Apostles preached a creed of mercy and redemption.

Billy Sunday preaches a hell of brimstone and a heaven fit only for Methodist elders, where chicken dinners are served every Sunday.

"Quit smoking cigarettes, quit cussing, quit using rouge," says Billy Sunday, "and even though you are as indifferent to the idea of the Divine as Judas, you can come to my greasy heaven."

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden

and I will give ye rest," said the Son of Man.

Do you notice the difference of atmosphere?

Billy Sunday is the most disgusting figure in American life.

THE IGNATZ CURE ALL

The raspberry, brother skirt-sniffers, is today the world's favorite fruit.

Tony Zebatski, Hot Dog artist went on an excursion last Sunday with little Ignatz, Hot Dog shipping clerk, and imparts to our shell-like ear how Ignatz was presented with the Royal Berry to suit Queen Lil.

The two youths were looking out the train window at the scenery when Ignatz, ever-ready as usual, espied a flapper administering first aid to her optic with a pink handkerchief.

Up jumped gallant Ignatz and said

"Lady, lady, pardon me, but I can get the cinder out of your eye by a patented method of my own."

"Oh, please do," retorted the Sweet Thing.

Thereupon Ignatz went over and smacked a home run kiss on her lip-stick receivers.

"There's a sure cure," chirped Ignatz, "your'e eye's alright now, isn't it?"

"Yes, thank you," she answered sweetly—"how's that for piles?"



THE HOT DOG FAMILY

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Jack Dinsmore, Editor | 4. Little Ignatz, Hot Dog Shipping Clerk and Poet |
| 2. Callimachus Balzoff, The Hot Dog Genius. | 5. Councilman August Kraut |
| 3. Tony Zehatski The Hot Dog Artist | 6. Mrs. Arabella Dingleberry |

AN EDITOR'S WORRIES

Back in my green and sentimental days I was once a cub reporter on a big-city daily.

I worked under a hard-boiled editor named Googan who knew how to yank the weeps for the sake of circulation better than any goofer that ever wore pants—but he wasn't strong for Literachoor.

There worked with me on this lemon-yellow journal a long-haired lilly-boy named Arthur DeVere who used to write sonnets about Moonlight, William Shakespeare and The Tears of Love. Arthur used to slip these sonnets to Googan at regular intervals with the sweet request that they be published on the editorial page, but the old moke received them with nothing but a contemptuous sneer.

Now Googan had a wife, a nice, round sort of rouge-kisser, very provocative to a fist long-pants Willie such as I was in those days, but she couldn't see me for dust.

As to Arthur—well Arthur and Mrs. Googan were as thick as sherry and egg. You know how the fair sex flop for these poetic ladyboys.

One day, as expected, Arthur and Mrs. Googan ran off to live on love.

The next day Googan came to me to pour his heart out.

"That dirty little louse, DeVere," he wept at me, "he went and ran off with my wife and now I can't turn down his poetry any more for fear he'll send my wife back to me.

"I'm not that kind of a girl—and besides, a dollar isn't enough."

SCHMOCK DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON



My friend Abie Schmock runs a gyp joint along the lake front in Cleveland where he rams the unsuspecting iron-ore heavers for their whiskey money by selling them "strictly guaranteed all wool suits" made out of shrunk cardboard.

Schmock met me at lunch the other day with a dark-blue countenance.

"What's the matter, Abe?" I inquired, "you're looking woebegone."

"My fadder died yesterday," wailed the Yid.

"Too bad, old kid, I sympathize with you." (As a mat-

ter of fact I didn't sympathize with Abie at all. I knew well he wasn't sorry the old man had pulled the final song and dance, because Old Man Schmock was known throughout Northern Ohio as the very tighest, stingiest, most money-grasping gazook in the Middle West and he must have left plenty of rhino.)

"Thanks for the sympathy, Jack," replied Abe. You know poor fadder died mit an accident. He saw a nickel on the street-car track, ran to pick it up, and the car ran over him and killed him."

"Terrible," I blurbed, "I suppose you're going to collect damages from the traction company."

"Ach, I'm going to collect nodding. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of 'Death from natural causes.' "

RANCID LOVE

Being the wooing song used by Councilman
August Kraut on Mrs. Arabella Dingleberry.

Like the cockroach loves the pillow,
Like the garbage loves the can,
Like the streamlet loves the willow,
Like the hotcake loves the pan;
Like the young sow loves her fella,
And Henry Ford a Jew—
Oh my darling Arabella,
That's how I love you.

Welfare Director Rafferty says there are two thousand cases of delirium tremens in Cleveland—twelve to a case.

TWO POEMS OF LOVE

SUNSHINE

by Robert W. Service

God made a heart of gold, of gold,
Shining and sweet and true,
Gave it a home of fairest mold,
Blest it and called it—You

God gave the rose its grace of glow
And the lark its radiant glee,
But better than all, I know, I know,
God gave you, Heart, to me.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1820)

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
In a sweet commotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another,
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If you kiss not me?

WHAT AMERICANISM MEANS TO ME

An Editorial by Jack Dinsmore

Americanism means to me:

Nigger jazz music instead of the greasy grand opera of Italy.

Plain pumpkin pie instead of the elaborate sauces of France.

The hilarious cartoons of Rube Goldberg instead of the morbid futurism of Germany.

The worship of Babe Ruth instead of the worship of a Hindu Yogi.

The youth-appealing intoxication of the shimmy dance instead of the bloodless pace of the minuet.

A clean-shaven face instead of a mug planted all over with alfalfa.

Pressed pants instead of the baggy pantaloons of Bohemia—

These are the things I love and they are American.

The word Americanism brings to my mind not the faded catchwords which are everybody's property, such as Liberty, Democracy and Heroism—but such sweet, familiar, homely things as the above, which make up the personality of my country.

Little Ignatz's idea of the softest job on earth: Pork inspector in Jerusalem.

OLD NOAH

Old Noah, he had an ostrich farm, and fowls on the greatest scale;

He ate his egg with a ladle in an egg-cup big as a pail,

And the soup he took was Elephant Soup and the fish he took was Whale;

But they all were small to the cellar he took when he set out to sail;

And Noah, he often said to his wife when he sat down to dine,
"I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine."

The cataract of the cliff of heaven fell blinding off the brink,
As if it would wash the stars away as suds goes down a sink,
The seven heavens came roaring down for the throats of hell to drink,

And Noah, he cocked his eye and said, "It looks like rain, I think,

The water was drowned the Matterhorn as deep as the depth of the brine,

But I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine."

But Noah he sinned, and we have sinned; on drunken feet we trod.

Till a great big black teetotaller was sent to us for a rod,

And you can't get wine at a cabaret or chapel or Schwitzenbad.

For the Curse of Water has come again because of the wrath of God,

And water is on the Bishop's board and the Higher Thinker's shrine.

But I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

(The Captain's song in "The Flying Inn.")

Married Men Tell No Tales

CONTRIBUTED BY THE HOT DOG BUSINESS
OFFICE



Al Wilker, in charge of the credit department of The Merit Publishing Co. has just received the following letter from a wholesale newsdealer in Kentucky:

I got your letter askin for a Lis of my Assetts and Liabilities now i tole you wen i sent in that order i was keepin a news bizness not a Genrul Store and i don't

keep sich things as Assetts and Libilities on hand an.
besides if i did it aint non of your dam bizness how
many i have got nowhow. they was a feller nosin around
here yesterday wot said as how his name was R g dun &
company and he asted me how much money did I have
and i kicked his as out of the place. i tell you wot i
wont have no meddlin in my bizness i am as good as any
man and a dam site bettern some if you dont want to sell
me them hot dogs wy you can go plup to hel please an-
ser by next male.

your fren,

.....

The suffragettes' battle cry: "Down with the trousers
and up with the petticoats."

How shall I know you love me?
How shall I surely tell?"
"Lady take me for lover,
I hate so well."

So long boys. Another Dog for January—if I stay sober.
J. D.

Quit eating
beans---
They talk
behind
your back.

117 25
28 23
19 30
5 34 8
46 70
16 6.1 8
3 22 200
163 4 6

Slender Women
for Romance,
Fat ones
for Pleasure!
